



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

tired and worn out, without cash but with black rings around the eyes, no—so I yawned and yawned until I fell asleep.

This is one of the beautiful traits of "Fin de Siècle:" To tear down all that is and to rebuild nothing worth mentioning. To develop great powers of criticism and to live in perfect impotence of improvement.

Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan and family, do away with the despotism of boredom! How? you ask yawningly, in your turn bored by my epistle.

Pardon, I am already asleep!

CRITIC FIN DE SIECLE.

KEEP UP APPEARANCES.

By P.

"At the present day people still like to be thought aristocratic, but they much prefer being considered rich. The love of money has destroyed in us all noble ambition, there are only a few madmen who now care to earn a reputation for the love of glory, and they are the mark for the ridicule of all their contemporaries. It is considered foolish to do anything for the sake of honor; honor neither gives, us good dinners, good clothes, nor cheap pleasures uor does it help to keep up appearances. To keep up appearances is the idea of the epoch. You may be a fool, a scoundrel, a wretch without house or home, you may do what you like, steal, murder, what matter? You will still be clever, rich, honest, magnanimous, if you know how to keep up appearances. In America the greatest evil that can befall a man is to be original. Originality almost amounts to insult. The original man has no chance. Endeavor to get a place for him, and the person to whom you apply will answer, 'I should be delighted to do any service for you within my power. Command me in all things but don't ask me to help this friend of yours. Why he is an original.'"

Young man, who aspire to the honor of sitting eight hours a day at an office desk copying letters, and making reports under the eye of an insolent head clerk, if you wish to attain the object of your ambition, station yourself every day at the window, watch every one who passes, notice their dress, their gesture, study people's way of speaking, borrow their favorite expressions, disguise your own tastes, check your imagination, become a mediocrity and you will at once assure your future position: You will have preserved appearances.

Look around; is it possible to meet with originality? Every one has the same walk, the same clothes, the same style—the tailor makes every man alike: why should you be different from your neighbor?

It is therefore understood that if you wish to be neither a fool nor a sage, nor a reformer, nor an original—any of these titles shutting the door in the face of all careers; if you would neither think, nor judge, nor reason, nor invent, nor live for yourself; do as the world does; accept the slavery, bow your head to the tyranny and all will be at once open to you—you will have kept up appearances.

WALKING IN THE STREETS.

By P.

Walking in the streets you elbow thousands of passers-by to whom you do not pay the least attention. They are probably not worth attention. But besides these, pass and repass—sad sometimes, dreamers often, poor always—fierce and striking figures that have a physiognomy, a color, a relief, an originality, a date, a signification: they are artists, poets, thinkers, searchers, restless vagabonds—enamored of glory, infatuated with idle fancies, indulgers in dreams. They are the true members of the Burschenschaft—they are men! They are also three-fourths of their time poor and suffering, badly clothed, and with hardly a shoe to their feet, because with them, unlike other people, it is beauty that leads the beast, and not the beast that leads beauty. They may have genius, they certainly have talent and wit. They are the chosen of Nature, full of intelligence and of heart. They know how to love, they feel enthusiasm, they have the sense of life; they have a knowledge of good and evil, of the sublime and beautiful!

And the crowd—the ignorant, the half witted, the Philistines—the crowd covers them with disdain, with injuries, with mud, instead of showering them with flowers, caresses and bank notes. The crowd sees only the worn coat seams! But I know the crowd, and it is a bad knowledge. I know them. Here are 1800 years that they prefer Babbas, the rogue, to the apostle, etc.

The ant ignores that each creature has its work to do here below; and that those who are proud of being attached to the state equipage of Mammon, the nineteenth century king and god, will never, never, be attached to the sublime chariot of the